

Look about: Destroyers and
Poisoners are with you, and
Cutthroats behind you.

WHEREAS I am inform'd that you are
confoundedly Abus'd in Town and
Country, you knowing nothing at all of
the Villany, being Buried in your Books
and Prints; I am Oblig'd to give you Notice of the Mu-
sic of your Slanderers, which sounds louder than the
great Bell of Oxford, or St. Paul's Tom.

Coming from Germany to Holland in the *Treckschuyt* of
Leyden, I fell in Discourse with a *Coccean* Scribe and a *Voe-
tian* Pharisee, who ask me if I knew you in England? I
answer'd him, *That I had the Happiness to see you at the Baron
Burquesrode*. What, they reply'd, did you call it a Happiness
to fall into the Company of an Atheist? I went on and asked
if they had seen your Recantation? They immediately Burle-
qu'd your Book, and began to Rail against you with that
Impudence, as if they had been in their Pulpit among the
Mob, and said, *if I came to London, I should go to Henry
Bull, who should tell me your Life and Conversation*. Coming
to the *Latin* Coffee-House by Dr. *Pragestus*, I understood
that D. *Culenburg* was depos'd for having *Mouvemento del
Cazzo*, and that D. *de Woude* had been Drunk in the Pulpit.
Boiljeus's Wife, where the Dutch Parson used to divert
him, told me also, *That the Dutch Parsens will bring you
upon the Stage; That they will have you transmitted to Holland.*
To perform this Bull, and *Belsebub* makes you Odious to
the Nation. You used to Rail against some Rotten Prints
and Bastardly Picture-Sellers. What you say against these
Cheating Rogues, they divulge that you say this of all other
fair Honest Tradesmen, to be against you upon any fram'd
Tryal.

Tryal. Secondly, The *Vox Chamentis* Gang advance Monies to *Henry Bull*; and other Beasts to keep you Company, to Admire, to Flatter you, to Debauch with you, and to put all their Romances of *Eclypsis of the Moon*, upon your Score. When you Dined with *H. Bull*, and Fifty Persons more in the *Spring Gardens*, wher *Bullius a Basham*, now at *Milbank*, but a Gentlemen's *Louis-d'or* in his Pocket, afraid you should tell this to the *Dutch*, he put his Crime at your Door, and expos'd your *Clam* all the Nation over, through the Watchmen and Beadels; and to get Credit to his Lye, perswaded the Old Lord *Peterborrow* to put you upon a Tryal: Ordered also the Drawers to tempt you with Spoons and Napkin. The Auctioner *Tucker* being 100l. Indebted to you, brought you into *Barthellomew's Fair*, where you pulled the Girls Smock out of the slit of her Tail; told to the Mob *That you was a Pick-Pocket*. *Tucker's Porter* knowing you went the 21st of July 1707, to the *Dutch Cataplus*, send an old Trot to *Tower-Wharf* to tempt you. Upon searching what Old Woman she was I fond she was *Bagford's Landlady*. This is the Sly-Dog who Debauch'd your House-keeper, if I must believe *Tempest*, who Ruin'd your Estate, Heal'd and Brains, as Esq; *George*, and Mr. *Bulfus*, will declare. Have a care that no Malitious Believer, seduced with Tales, and flammings upon your Collections, drop a Striking Watch in your Pocket in Tavern, Play-House, Church, Court or Coach. The unskilful misled Multitude (having receiv'd this Barbarous Blow before-hand) will give Credit to the Lye. Fair dealing Tradesmen, who are deeply sensible of your generous Buyings, rejects all these Aspersions; but that cursed Ver-men the Privateers, Low-way-men and Pickaroons, who have devoured you, slighting you now your Stock of Generosity is gone; complains also with the Bulls, Bears and Rams of *Basham*. Never Drink with *Tempist*, *Bagford*, or *Bull*. *H. Bull*, says, *When he has brought you into the Hands of Justice, with Plotting and Trappnning, that you shall beg your Pardon upon your Knees, for Publishing that of the French Pistol in the Spring-Garden; else that you shall never be at ease.* Let him keep is Gate at *Milbanck*; and Drink with



the Beadels and Watchmen and his Creditors. You hate even his Callicoe Garment. *Cerberus*, who snatch'd away the Ruffians *Beaujieu*, *Lang Browu*, & *altera canailia*, to mend his Botten Peruke, will fetch also *Pastor Ram*, *Henny*, *Tempest*, *Maas* and *Kemp*, and the remaining part of the Crew, to trim up the *Errinny ades* *Commode*. *Vale*, the 1st of *August*. 1707.

Dearly Beloved, We Greet you again:

Whereas I am inform'd that they continues to Destroy you: I cannot but be very sensible of the Villany, which grows every Day nearer to subvert you. The significant Signs & Pains that glides in your Nerves, cries that Envy & Malice are sweld to an exceeding Height. After searching to the Bottom of this Plot, I found that the *Levian* is joint with *Bull* and have given Orders to the Beadels and Watchmen to ensneer you with Incentives and Inticements, Hang you, which is Crueler than to Murder you. Their avaritious and Revengful Mind have Transported them to that degree, that they will Right or Wrong Accuse you Guiltless of any Crime. They send Tickets to you, to go into the Play-House *Gratis*. They tempt you with Rings in the Tavern, and with Brilliants in the Streets in the Dark. This all through the Instigation of the Porkepin *Hac est Belluacenticep. Bedellorum colubris & Vigilum hydris superba* One of the bastardly Picture-Sellers put his Wife in a very narrow Passage, which he knew you must pass, going Home at Eight of the Clock, to expose your *Clam* through the Coblars, *That you had Pickt her Pocket*: What a malicious Senselessness and ouragious Barbarity to tempt you (who Studied to Conquer better Crowns than any have by their Birth) with Pocket Money, which you sqanderd so much away. You speny 2000 l. Starl. in Five Years an *Holland*, and 2000 l. Starl. in Two Years in *London*. In *Holland* you wasted your self and your Estate: but here in *London* you was Cheat- out of all. You Burnt the *Pandectas tue juventutis*, for which was offer'd to you 200 l. and when they could not get it for Monies, they Plotted to Hang you, to get it

Cheaper of the Sheriff: Which was the reason you Burnt them, to stop their barbarous Greediness. Who can in England give Credit to the Aspersions forged by the Dutch Parsons, your Enemies? You have 80*l.* Star*l.* a Year. You have no Debts. No Body lives more Decent and Regular than you: You pay very generously. You treat ever Visitor to access. What will the credulous Multitude have then? Mislead by *Lilli Bull Liro* and *Laro* They wont that you should defraud Her, and consequently them of your Goods, by Trucking or Selling them all to Lords and Gentlemen. All what you got they loose. You get very much. You make of 2000*l.* 500*l.* and this 500*l.* is come to 200*l.* which will serve for Law, to punish the Caterpillars of your Estate, Hell Dogs, and Honour Theifs. The Ringleaders then of this malicious Plot are *Bull* and *Belsebub*, the invidious stained Prints and shitten Picture Sellers, who through the Canarybirds and Nightingals, slanders you with such notorious Absurdities, which the Devil himself cannot believe. Now because Old Nick won't embrace against his Conscience this exceeding Unreasonableness, they dispers'd that you have the Gout in your *Membrum*, and that you used to Foment it between the Breasts. You knowing that common Whores have a Walf in their Privy, you use only to admire their Bubbies; But if you give them Money for Larkin they will perjurely Swear *High Treason*. They say also, *That you love Girls*. Your Laundress seuds her Girl, on purpose before Clapt, with your Linnen into your Chamber, when she was in her Terms. If you had laid with her, she had Sworn that you had Ravish'd her. Witness enough, she was Clapt: And this should have been Interpreted of you. She had been, beliey'd, because the mischievous Tempest, whisper'd a Thousand Times about the Town, *That you love Maiden-Heads*. And Mr. G. *That you have the Covent-Garden Gout*. The Victulers and Vintners gives notice to the next Coblur that you are at Dinner or Supper, who in she mean time finds out a Rotten Whorc, or Clap Girl, who twink and tempts you coming out and going Home. If you walk in the Fields, a Girl with some Children comes

comes very near, speaking Baudy, and making indecent Gestures, *Interim Anguis in Herba & rubo*. A Reward is promis'd to this Gentry, who are commonly the Watchmens Wives, Girls, and Children. Again, to put the Jury and Lord Judges against you, your Boson Friends speak ill of them Persons of Honour, and also of Lords, your Protectors, and Belies you, Whispering you spoke this Tales of them, to allienate them from you, that they should not Succour you in Distress, and all that is to shear together. Some petty Lawyers are framing the Plot and Fryal, to Conjure you out of your Life. I wonder People of Honour and Conscience should receive this News of the Watchmen and Beadels. If the Parliament does not put stop to this licentious Cruelty, no Gentleman is secure of Estate and Life. What did the *Hardenians*? Rebels they against their Sovereign for the *Aurum Lustrale*: When our Reputation, Estate and Life hangs at the despotical Tyranny of this sort of Trades Devils, serv'd by the Beadels and Watchmen *Diabolos libera ferilatis*. They make a mock of Gentlemen, who rails against their God and Religion. They say, *Money in the Pocket is the best Religion*. *A Merchant serves the Devil for Modey*: And other, *Money! Money! Are the Twelve Apostles*. They think every Body loves Money so much as them. You throwed all your Money awall amotg this ungrateful Caterpillars. You used to Treat them with *Stock Fish, Westpalia-Hams*, and Barrels of *Claret*. You perfectly hate Money. You used to give more Money for a Rarity then the Tradesman demands. If you sell any thing, you don't keep and heap the Money. Next Day you scatter it again away among the Toy Sellers. But the greedy Wolves won't have you should part again with them to any Gentlemen. They will have you should leave them for your House-keeper, or sell them for the Quarter of the Value to them: Else they will Trapan you with Toyls, which are commhly the Cause of all Mischief, Perjury, and Murther. *Tempest* told to us that they prepare a *Potion* for you. *Hinc inflammatio pulmonum calculus & podagra*. They say *They piss in your Drink*. The piss being discovered, they will assault you won upon *Fulham-stoad*.

Doctor

Doctor H. B's Answer.

S I R,

IF the Myſtery of a Plot lies hidden in the Bottom of Hell, it will not only be difficult to draw it out of the Dunghil, but alſo dangerous to diſturb the Dragons, Snakes, and Hornets. This is the reaſon that I never took much pains to enquire nicely into News of publick Diſtractions, being a derogation of Happineſs. You being not only a Hearer, but a hired Contriver of this Plot, was by a ſudden movement of your good *Genius* induced to divest your ſelf of Falſhood, and to diſcover ingeniouſly the Cauſes and Reaſons for which I have been theſe Fifteen Years a Sacrifice to peſtilent Slander and Envy. I return you thanks, not ſo much for the diſcovering of ſhe Plot, as well for your Indignation, Commiſeration and Detestation of ſo an Horrible, Wicked, Cruel, Barbarous Conſpiration.

So ſoon as I came to *Bentford*, I was ſenſible that there was ebbing and flowing of *Helveot-Slucet* ſtruck daily ſtreaming, which toſs'd me to the brink of being overflow'd on Shore; but I did not think the *Dutch* Draconirs to be ſo outrageouſly Reſtleſs, that they ſhould after a free Recantation, Perſecute and Torment me with ſuch inſupportable Indignities without Meaſure.

I cannot but be amaz'd at the frightful Squibs thrown againſt me. If *D. Oofterom* had not met me in my Abode in *Oxford*, and *D. Culemburg*, had not ſucceeded him, no body ever had thought upon me. Little I ſuſpected that the Prints and Picture-Sellers ſhould joyn with them. There are ſeveral concern'd in this Plot. *First*, The *Vox Clamantis* Gang for Revenge. *Second*, The Freeboters who will not ſuffer that I ſhall ſell any thing to a Gentleman or a Lord, when I wanted Money; becauſe they will have I ſhould ſell it to them, who are commonly Devourers of Vertuoſoo's, *Thirdly*, My Houſe-keeper (who if Guilty, is the ungratefulleſt Carrian in the World againſt me, and the wickeddeſt Reprobate againſt God) who will have me out of the World to Rob all, *Fourthly*, Her Gallants, who lives upon Servant-Maids, who goes with their Maſter's Purſe to Morker, who thinks, if I am Diſpatch'd, all my Goods will

will fall to own, who will Marry her. *Fifthly*, Some petty Lawyers, with their Hectors, Bravos, Bullies, who serve the Embroilers of Church and State, *Sixthly*, My false Bosom Friends, who Betray and Belye me. *Seventhly*, The *Coquins*, who intoxicate my Drink. *Eighthly*, The Beadels and Watchmen, who Scandalize me. *Ninthly*, The Strumpets who endeavour to ensnare me. All hungering after the Prey according to the Gospel of *Hobs*, To preserve himself with the Ruin of his Neighbour. They juggel all together to shae together. The wonderful Performance of this Hellish Vexation is detestable and unpardonable. I cannot enough lament, that my Friends, which I had purchased so Dear, soon turn'd my sincere Conversation to my Destruction. This manifests that they reveal all my Discourses, and put my Neighbours, Lord-Judges, and other Persons of Quality, and Gentlemen against me. What I say against the ungrateful, invidious Caterpillars, they maliciously disperse that I say this of all Honest Tradesmen: These deceitful Traytors induce me to fetter me in a Garden, in which are no false Flatterers; but naked Darlings, I mean the *Muses* and *Flora*. (*Venus* I leave to *Pastor-Ram*) And whereas I am informed by Sir *Job. Baber*, that the Constables, Beadels, Watchmen and Coblars, Fiddels, *Lilly*, *Bull*, *Liro*. I mug be upon my Guard. No Strumpet shall ever have any Money of me, as a Token of Performancy. Therefore let them never Assault me, nor Scandalize me with me with Tales. *Si accusasse sufficiat Quis Innocens esse posset?*

So soon you mentioned of a *Potion* and of an *Assassination* I roused up. I am not insensible of the Powders and Spirits dayly put in my Drink, which scrapes the Scin of my Intrals, and will destroy me. They take me for Mad: Truly their Conscience make them Distracted. If they Poison be for my Sagacity in *Politicies*, they prophan their *Arcanum Dominationis*. If the *Porkepin* destroys me for my Skill in *Commercys*, He deserves to be kick'd out of the Creation. *Bull* whispers, *That I revail'd 1605 his project to conquer the Dutche Indien*. He is a Lyar from the womb. I betray no Bottel Sharer, lesser Bosom Friend, as He did, this 15 Years continually. He Bribe all my Favourers to Betray, to Trapan, to Expose me with Forgeries, an dearing not appear in open Face, put the Scanealising upon the
Dutch

Dutch Clergy. If I had Betray'd him, I had serv'd him, as he serv'd me to the late L. P. *Non sum Delator amici.* Sir. *Job. Baber,* and *Mr. Littlebury* could have Certified this my Fidelity. *Delatores ed leones.* I should not have mentioned it now, 1710 If *Lilli Bull Liro.* did not continued to Trapan, to Expose, to Destroy, to Scut, to Poison me. *Cerberus* Dodges me every where. For what? my Conversation is Loyal, and my Behaviour unblameable. *Nos olim vitæ Solamur Cantu & Coloma.*

Bull who loves his *Fleshopt* and *Onions* also, must confess, That I never Quarrel, Swear, or Lye, or ever meddle with his *Ca'tel*: That I sharply, but safely Accus'd of *Atbeism*, will Testify the very Spies, which attempted this Baseness to Rob me by Perjury of the indispensable Duty to my Creator. Which wrong Assertion will be clearly refuted in *Scripto de Origine vulgaris convicii àdū quo Philologi a Sacerdotibus immeritò solent traduci.*

Ergo summotum Patriâ proscindere livor Desine.

F I N I S.



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